

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi oras moriturus.

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## Purple Days.

With just the faintest chill of death,  
The full, fair Indian Summer comes;  
By morning draped in hoary breath,  
Her noonday robe of strange perfumes;  
At even trailing weird-like shades,  
O'er midnight still her beauty looms,  
As ever, through fields and opening glades,  
She drives the dark November glooms.

Not yet, she cries to the winter wind,  
Not yet, to the frosty starlight clear,  
Not yet, to the northern snows that blind,  
Not yet, not yet, while I linger near!  
How vain the cold, cold phantoms surge,  
While the Queen of Autumn shakes her spear,  
And smiles, despite their mournful dirge,  
Last, lovely smile of the parting year!

E.

Daniel O'Connell.

BY P. J. COONEY.

'Tis said, and I believe it to be true, that the greatest sons of Erin bring up the rear line of her heroes and her sages. In reading her history you will see inscribed on every page the names of her illustrious sons—of Ollam and Brian, of the O'Neills, of Desmond and Sarsfield—of Burke, Curran, Grattan, Sheridan, Phillips, Shiel, and a host of others equally illustrious—exalted spirits and heroes, who battled bravely in their country's cause, and whose desire it was to make known the sufferings of their country throughout the world and endeavor to alleviate or bring them to an end.

But after studying, after comparing all those great men that adorn the pages of her glorious history, I would say that O'Connell was, pre-eminently, the greatest of them all. It would seem as if he were destined by the Almighty as the Moses who was to deliver his people from bondage. The Irish people were indeed sorely afflicted; never was there a nation, except it be that other glorious Ireland of the north, Poland, which suffered so much, and yet remained steadfast to its principles. God wished to try His people, and sorely did He try them; but when He saw that the cup of their bitterness was about to overflow, that there was scarcely a ray of hope left, then He thought fit to send one who would regenerate His people and deliver them from the thralldom of slavery and ignorance into which they were forced.

Daniel O'Connell was born on the 6th of August, 1775, the very year, as he himself says, when the stupid obstinacy of British oppression forced the reluctant people of America

to seek security in arms, and to commence that long and bloody struggle for national independence which has shed glory and conferred liberty, pure and sublime, on the American people. Never was Ireland in a more abject condition than at that period; the fact is, the heart of the Irish nation seemed as if it were broken—

"Abject the prostrate people lay,  
Nor dared to hope a better day,  
An icy chill, a fatal frost,  
Left them with all but honor lost;  
Left them with only trust in God,  
Poor pariahs on their native sod;  
The lands were gone their fathers owned,  
Their Faith was banned, their prophets stoned,  
Their temples crowning every height,  
Now echoed with an alien rite,  
Or lay a desecrated pile,  
With shattered cross and ruined aisle;  
Letters denied, forbade to pray,  
And white-winged commerce scared away."

Such was the system which then prevailed in Ireland, and which has been condemned before the world by the tribunal of indignant civilization as an outrage on humanity. It is ardently to be hoped that it will never be imitated in any land calling itself Christian. This perfidious system, however, was soon to receive its death-blow, for an all-wise Providence had willed it; the hour of God's mercy had come; a nation was soon to regain a portion of its rights. Daniel O'Connell received the rudiments of his education from a poor priest who, being outlawed and hunted, at this time found refuge at the house of O'Connell's father. From this priest he first learned the tenets of his religion. At an early age he was smuggled off to France to complete his studies. For, as you know, in Ireland

"The fane of learning was closed, shut out was the light of day,  
No ray from the sun of science, no brightness from Greece or Rome,  
And those who hungered for knowledge, like him, had to fly away,  
Where bountiful France threw wide the gates that were shut at home."

Here, for a number of years, O'Connell prosecuted his studies. He was eventually called back to Ireland, in consequence of his father's death. During his stay in France, O'Connell had witnessed the French Revolution; he had seen the terrible consequences which it entailed upon that unfortunate country. The altars of religion were demolished, and the goddess of reason was substituted for God; in a word, everything sacred was trampled beneath the feet of the blood-stained fanatics and communistic terrorists.

At this period, however, were to be seen the harbingers of better times for Ireland. The Relief Bill was passed,

which gave to Catholics the right of franchise, the right to hold property in their own name, to educate their children, to enter the different professions, and to command in the army and navy. O'Connell availed himself of these privileges, and entered the Inns Court; having passed through the four years of probation required, he was called to the Irish bar in the memorable year 1793. Anyone who is familiar with Irish history, and especially with that part of it relating to the period of '98, may conceive what must have been young O'Connell's feelings. That which he had seen in France he was to behold with a hundredfold fierceness in his own country. England had, through the outrageously unlawful acts of her mercenaries, driven the poor people to desperation, and in this way brought about a pretext which enabled her to cripple the growing power of the Irish nation. O'Connell saw the cruel fate which awaited his beloved country, forced as she was without arms or ammunition to resort to violence in order to defend her rights. He was a witness to massacres, tortures, the pitch cap and the triangle; he heard the cries of anguish and despair resound from the dying wretches in the fatal castle yard; he saw the channels run with blood; he heard the agonized wail of countless bereaved ones fill the air,—and all for no other purpose than to rivet around his country's neck the chains which tyranny had forged.

At this period, then, when Ireland lay prostrate—without law and without protection—when her once fertile fields were covered with the blood of the best and bravest of the land; and when the country was teeming with the Hessian mercenaries of England—the same who helped her in the vain endeavors to enslave our own country—at this period it was that through the foulest perfidy Ireland was deprived of her Parliament—Ireland, which, one thousand years previous, stood among the foremost of the nations of the earth. When England, France, Spain—when all the nations of the East bowed in humble subserviency at the feet of haughty Rome, there was to be seen in the far West, looming above the waves of the turbulent Atlantic, a beautiful oasis of freedom,—and that was Ireland; but now, and by a system of the most unprecedented perfidy, she is degraded into a miserable little province.

"In one brief hour the fair image had faded,  
No aisle of flowers lay glad on ocean's green,  
But in its stead, deserted and degraded,  
The barren strand of slavery's shore was seen."

Heretofore, O'Connell had taken no part in public affairs, but this last, and, I may say, crowning act of English perfidy, aroused all his energies; and while the blood-red clouds were yet hovering over his country, he came forward. Bravely, indeed, Curran and Grattan stood by their country to the last, but now they had grown old and feeble in her service, and were no longer able to fight in her cause. They were, however, to be succeeded by one who was in every way a worthy successor. O'Connell was young, active, possessed of powerful intellect, and indomitable will and determination. Coming forward, then, in such a contest, in behalf of the oppressed against the oppressor, he had many obstacles to surmount. He was obliged to contend against the power and self-conceit of the strongest oligarchy in the world. He had to arouse the spirit of personal and political independence among his Catholic countrymen, whose successive defeats had hitherto thrown them into the greatest despondency. O'Connell was, however, the man for the emergency. His great abilities were soon recognized, and in a few years he be-

came the virtual leader of the Irish Catholics. The Government, ever watchful of its own interests, soon perceived the position which O'Connell had assumed,—then began the struggle. He incurred the hatred of the Government and its supporters; he was harassed on every side; he even ran the risk of his life, as is proved by his duel with D'Esterre. The Catholics, and in fact the majority of Protestants also, always employed him as their counsel, and whenever an occasion presented itself he took advantage of it to make public addresses. In 1823 he formed the Catholic Association, and in the course of a few years this Association, which at first numbered but thirteen members, ran up to millions. The cry of Emancipation was no longer uttered in faint whispers, but resounded in thunder tones throughout the land. O'Connell's voice was to be heard in the village and on the mountain side; he stirred his countrymen up to a high pitch of indignation, his eloquent voice making them sensible of their degradation. Never was there such intense excitement, and yet at the same time the country was most peaceful. The people were determined on gaining their religious freedom, and for this purpose they rallied around O'Connell to a man. In 1828, when the agitation was at its highest, O'Connell became a candidate for the representation of Clare in Parliament, and was elected by an overwhelming majority. The conservative party were dismayed at the audacity and the success of O'Connell, and it sent consternation to the heart of the Tories. Being a Catholic, he would not take the test oath, and in consequence was obliged to withdraw. The agitation soon reached a most formidable height, and caused great alarm among the conservatives, and finally even those who had most strenuously opposed the claims of the Catholics had to concede emancipation.

So, after a struggle of twenty years, O'Connell came off victorious,—he wrung the freedom of his countrymen from Napoleon's conquerors. Seven millions of Irishmen were now at liberty to serve God. On the first day of the session of 1830, O'Connell took his seat in the House of Commons, being the first Catholic who sat in either the English or Irish Parliament for one hundred and forty-five years. It was the greatest victory, the grandest triumph of justice and truth over old-time prejudices that the world has ever witnessed.

To the glorious object, then, of the emancipation of his people did O'Connell devote his talents, his energies, and his influence for twenty years. But he was not to stop here; for sixteen years longer did he continue, as became the best of Ireland's statesmen and patriots, to wring concession after concession from the enemy. That ringing manly voice was ever heard in its imperious demands for justice to Ireland. At length he had grown old and feeble, and to augment his sufferings, he beheld his country a prey to a visitation of Providence, the most terrible that the world has ever witnessed. He beheld on every side his country, men dying in all the horrors of famine. The sight of that fair country's desolation caused the nations of the world to tremble. The famine and plague, however, were not sufficient: those vampires, the exterminating landlords, were levelling the cottages of their impoverished tenantry to the earth. The emigrant ships, with their cargoes of wretched, starving human beings, were floating like so many funeral hearses on the Atlantic. This was too much for the great soul of O'Connell. He had fought bravely against the enemies of his country, but he could not contend against the decrees of Providence. He directed his

footsteps towards Rome, there to send up one last appeal to Heaven in supplication for his afflicted country. He was not destined to reach the Eternal City. He died in Genoa on the 15th of May, 1847. The birthplace of America's discoverer was a fit place for the death of Ireland's liberator. Truly may we say for Ireland he lived and for Ireland he died. The voice of history will be insufficient to attest the achievements of this great man. Marching at the head of ideas, he won by the power of his genius victories such as Alexander or Napoleon never achieved with the sword.

### A Journey Out West.

[The following extract from a letter, descriptive of a journey to Salt Lake City, was lately received here, and will be read, without doubt, with much interest by our subscribers.]

SALT LAKE CITY, October 22, 1877.

\* \* \* \* We had a very pleasant journey; scenery fine, weather magnificent, and made such easy stations that we had no opportunity to get tired. Chicago one day—Joliet another—Morris another—Omaha another—then Columbus, then Ogden, and finally Salt Lake City.

Gand prairie lands lie west of Omaha. I experienced the same sensations in going through them that I have so often felt at sea; the train can be easily transformed into an ocean steamer, while the interminable prairie mingling its distant and softened color with the subdued azure of the autumn sky can be likened to nothing save the ocean's boundless expanse. The undulations of the vast plain recall the grand ocean's swells—and the evening sun with his halo of glory sinks down into the prairie's green sod as I have so often seen him sink into the emerald bosom of the sea.

The long train on which we left Omaha was over 600 feet in length. These trains move slower than with us—from 16 to 20 miles an hour; this gives a gentle, easy motion, very soothing and agreeable; and on the straight track, which for hundreds of miles is without a curve, we get none of the side-bumps for which the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. is so famous, and we feel none of the swinging motion of our Lake Shore road. The fertile Platte valley is not only watered by the Platte River but undermined by it, giving an almost fabulous richness to the soil. This valley and the Laramie Plains are the El Dorado of cattle-dealers; and the flocks of sheep, counted by the thousand, make one think that the dynasty of the Shepherd Kings is reigning here.

Saturday, at 4½ o'clock p. m., we stopped at Columbus, in order to be at church on Sunday. Columbus is a most ambitious town, of at present some 4,000 inhabitants, but with wide city limits intended to hold a hundred thousand. The houses now standing straggle and scatter about, or huddle together, pretty much as though they had been thrown in the air and then fell back like the seeds of the Scotch thistle. Father Ryan, the pastor, is a fine type of a Western missionary priest,—some sixty-five years old, six feet high; hale, athletic, ruddy-faced, and silver-haired. The following, among many instances he related, will give you an idea of his life in the days before railroads passed over these plains and mountains. While the road was being built, he was sent for to go three hundred miles to see a dying person. After administering the Sacraments—at 3 o'clock in the morning—he started with six men on a hand-car. As

day was breaking they came up to a westward bound train of supplies that the Indians lying in ambush had thrown off the track. The engineer and men were killed. The Indians, seeing this second party coming, retreated to the bluffs in the rear. Father Ryan asked his company how many rifles they had. Three in all, was the answer. He made a wall with their car and the dismantled ones, formed his six men into a company, and from early morning until ten o'clock at night kept the Indians at bay. Then, when half famished (they had eaten nothing since three o'clock in the morning), and almost exhausted by fatigue, they were rescued by another train going west.

After leaving Columbus we came upon those queer little colonies called prairie-dogs villages. These little animals are very pretty, more in appearance like fat squirrels than dogs. You can see them by fifties or hundreds seated on the top of the little mounds—which give their burrows, under ground, the name of villages—enjoying the sunshine. These villages are usually on the side of a hill near a stream of water. There is a species of owl that lives with the prairie-dogs. Sometimes on the summit of their little burrows may be seen on one side the solemn owl, on the other the lively little prairie-dog, seated on its hind legs, its head bobbed up and forepaws hanging down—ready at the slightest alarm to dart head foremost into his hole. But the prettiest sight of all in animate nature was a herd of deer that sped away to the south as fleet as the wind. A moment seen, then gone forever. While crossing the wide Laramie Plains about ten o'clock at night, a bright light was seen along the northern horizon—it was a long line of vivid flame, stretching for miles, with a broad band of dark smoke-cloud above; nearer and nearer it came—the flames leaping higher and higher, the smoke ascending, and on its dark surface reflecting the fire's brilliantly tinged light—sweeping away for miles towards the bluffs,—leaping and jumping as it were with the wind, and brightening the wide expanse of prairie with that fearful light. I have never seen anything possessing such majestic brilliance as the night glows and the rapid advances of the prairie fire.

As we pass over the Laramie plains we notice a great change in vegetation. The entire face of the country is covered with a short dried-up grass, growing in little bunches. Though it gives the country a dried-up look of desolation and sterility, yet it is the richest grass ever known in the world. It is the famous buffalo grass, and covers thousands of miles of the plains, northward, southward, and westward. It is rarely over two or three inches in height; it grows in little tufts, broad and dense. It is said to be exceedingly rich and sweet, and retains these qualities as much when dried up as when green. Stock of every description will not touch any other grass so long as a tuft of the buffalo grass can be got. I have told you of the shepherd kings—here let me introduce one of the "Great Cattle Kings," a Mr. Orloff, through whose domains the railroad runs for one hundred and fifty miles. Do you not think he is "monarch of all he surveys"? What wonderful plains! their vastness fascinates me! first great uplands of enormous sweep, then boundless grassy plains, anon all the grandeur of vast monotony and desolation; boundless plains—boundless sky—that stretch of blue—that waste of brown. The cars steam on for hours and hours, and never a tree, river, bird or animal, home or life of any kind. I cannot describe my sensations; they were simply overpowering. As we approach the

mountains the Colorado plains show more verdure. Just think! into this vast area of plains there can be poured nearly all the population of Europe or Asia! It is twice as large as Hindostan, and as large as the whole of the United States east of Chicago.

And now we catch our first view of the mountain. We notice before reaching Cheyenne the white head of Long's Peak, which can be seen a distance of one hundred miles. Its snow-clad summit is over 14,000 feet high. I was anxious to stop at Cheyenne, the *Magic City of the Plains*, but the connections West are not good. Shall stop over, *D. V.*, on our return; if time permits will write you from there. We intended stopping at night and travelling by day, but as there is but one passenger-train west once in twenty-four hours, had to abandon this project. Did not regret it, as it enabled us to see another of the grand sights that I would not willingly have missed, *SUNSET IN THE MOUNTAINS!* The hills reddened as if under the full blaze of a great furnace; the sunbeams lit up the crags and cliffs, and even the rocks and stones, in all their detail, bringing out projecting slopes from deep gloom into clear light and throwing back the valleys and cañons into deepest, blackest gloom. Every rock and precipice seemed close at hand, and shone and glowed with such radiance that you could trace the rents and crevices and mark the pine trees clinging to their sides. As the sun sank, so rose the light, rushing upward, swinging over the hills in crimson mist; gorgeous flaunting streamers of bright yellow and red were suddenly shot out over the sky. Oh, if such colors were transferred to canvas with one-fourth of their real brilliancy the eye would be pained and the artist accused of gross exaggeration; but here in nature there is nothing repulsive to the senses or painful to the eye. On the contrary one sits spellbound, fascinated, gazing at this grand illumination covering the western heavens—breaking through a confused mass of dazzling purple-edged clouds massed against a glowing burnished sky, darting out bright arrows through the rifts and rents, and striking full upon the mountain tops. The sun sank, and slowly the colors fled. A gauzy half-transparent cloud-light, airy and delicate in its color as the inner petals of the rose, then soft grey clouds; the mountains wore a ghastly greenish hue, the soft grey and pale rose-tints mingled, paled, faded slowly upward, and a grey dull death hue spread over the entire landscape. A moment more and the dark pall of night rested over all. But not for long, and then came the moonlight panorama. To the northwest rolls the lofty range of the Black Hills, whose sharp-pointed peaks rise some two thousand feet above us, and we are now over seven thousand feet above the general level. To the south we see the massy chain of the Rocky Mountains; looking eastward, along the track we have passed, it stretches far away to the dim horizon as one vast plain; even the hills of thousands of feet seem but a speck in the distance. And over every peak and mountain brow, so lately glowing in the sun's fiery rays, the moon sheds her mellow light, and by her clear shining we climb these everlasting hills and drink in the wondrous sight in silent, heartfelt rapture and prayer. What do we, the creatures of a day, appear in the presence of these stupendous works of God, which will continue to lift their giant heads to the sky when we and generations after us are mouldering in the dust?

At Sherman, in Wyoming, we were on the highest point of the Pacific Railroad, at an elevation of 8,300 feet. How I looked down upon you! The sky was beautifully clear.

As the soft white fleecy clouds floated through the air, I could not but wish

I were that snow white cloud  
By the gentle south wind driven  
Up through the air so pure and bright,  
Close to the door of Heaven.

Ah me! were I so happy as to get there, it would be because Monseigneur St. Pierre would not let me in that I'd ever come back!

After leaving Sherman we come to the Uintah Mountains. They seem to be vast piles; 3 and 4,000 feet from the base (the latter an altitude of 6,000 ft.) They are a purplish compact quartzite (I am bringing specimens home). They resemble Egyptian pyramids on a gigantic scale. They are without a trace of water or vegetation. One of these remarkable structures stands out completely isolated from the rest, and is so much like a Gothic church with lofty domes and fluted columns that it has been named the Cathedral. As the cars pass along, the imagination can build many a castle and fortress bold. These hills are rich in fossils, rhinoceros, strange birds, and the remains of the extinct life of some far-distant age.

We passed a soda spring six miles in length and nearly the same in width. At Evanston we dined, and were waited upon by native Chinese waiters dressed in their national costume.

And now we are entering the celebrated Echo and Weber Cañons. Never shall I forget my feelings of awe and admiration as we passed through rocks beside which all I had ever seen in my life were pigmies. They rise up in astonishing abruptness and massiveness—colossal old Titans of majestic dimensions; sublimely soaring summits and perpendicular sides succeed each other for miles and miles. How insignificant we became! The long train that on the wide plains seemed so full of life, and grand in its power, here is dwarfed into baby carriages. The shriek of the whistle echoed and resounded along the hanging cliffs, and from rock to rock; closer and closer these mountains of stone pressed up to the railroad track, and we seemed to be entering the portals of the palace of some of the descendants of Gog and Magog. In the next sixty miles is crowded a constant succession of such scenes and objects of natural curiosity, which form the most interesting part of the route from ocean to ocean, and have made it world-wide in fame. And then to think that the sights we saw form but a little portion of the whole! We passed through Echo Cañon, entering almost on a level with the rocks. As we descend, they grow more and more huge, more perpendicular and colossal in form. We must look up at an angle of nearly 90° to scan their summits. There is "Castle Rock," with its huge arched doorway, red-colored front, and roofed in grey. Next the "Swallows' Nest," perforated by thousands of holes, chiselled out by the action of water and wind. Now a whole town of castles! Here the "Kettle Rocks,"—huge grey boulders, hanging on the ledge, looking like immense caldrons. Now the rocks are capped in red, with gray sides; now they change, and for miles they are deep yellow. What a field for geologists! Now we come to the "Narrows." Thermoplae of classic memory I am sure could not have been a finer strategic point in war times. And here it was that the Mormons assembled and piled up huge fragments of rock to roll down on General Johnson's army in 1857. Look at Steamboat Rock—as big—yes, bigger—than the "Grand Republic," with its huge red projection like the prow of a gi-

gantic propeller; a little cedar, like a flag of green, shows its head on the bow. There is another Steamer in the rear—it is called the Great Eastern. Now we pass the Witches' Rocks, or the Egyptian tombs.

Three things in nature make us feel very small, and even the atheist must feel that he stands in the presence of Divinity. The ocean, with its ceaseless roar; the mighty plains, in their solitude, and with their sense of loneliness; and the mountains, in their towering greatness—with heads almost beyond the ken of vision and crowned with perpetual snows.

Oh, I must not forget to mention the group of witches—huge beings clothed in grey. One of them has the decided *Grecian bend*. On the high bluffs near them—far beyond the reach of man—the eagles of the west build their nests. Precisely one thousand miles from Omaha stands one solitary green tree! Another hour's ride through the same magnificent region—passing the Devil's Gate, the Devil's Slide, etc., etc., and we emerge from one of the grandest scenes in nature into the lovely valley of the Great Salt Lake Basin. Though the Lake itself is not in sight, the *mountains* on its *islands* are crowned with snow, and the sun lighting up their sides. Now we are in Salt Lake City. Ah, you may be sure we were more rejoiced to see the dear Sisters than all the grand views we passed over, and I think they were just as glad to see us. They have a beautiful building,—boarding and day-school,—and in another part of the city an hospital.

You may have heard that I suffered much from inflammation in my eyes. "No wonder!" you'll say, "after seeing so many sights." Well, when they got better I went upon the roof of the Academy, and this is what I saw. Below me, a city of 30,000 inhabitants. Every square contains ten acres, every ward contains nine squares. There are twenty-one wards, all filled with houses surrounded with gardens and orchards. The streets are all at right angles—all the same width, 132 feet. They are bordered by fine shade trees, and streams of clear water from the neighboring mountains run on both sides of the streets. The whole horizon—north, south, east and west—is bounded by mountains whose summits are covered with perpetual snow, and the grey sides slope down to this beautiful basin or valley, in which lie nestled the Great Salt Lake, Utah Lake, and many other smaller ones. The land, rich in the extreme, irrigated by countless mountain streams running in all directions; the mountains, rich in all minerals, from gold to coal; the valley, the most fertile that can be imagined; the climate very mild—thermometer never going below zero. And then those beautiful streams of water, running down from the mountains, filled with fish. Well I just wish I could put a *trout* at the end of each of these many lines I have written you; what a capital dinner you would all have!

If you are not wearied with the subject, just put these sheets aside, and, when I return, D. V. I'll use them as notes for all the rest I have to tell you. In the mean time, with much love to you all, and reminding you not to forget me in your prayers, I wish you all

"A fair good night,  
Rosy dreams and slumbers light."

—Don't waste your mornings in anticipating your afternoons, nor waste your afternoons in regretting your mornings. Decide quickly, act promptly, and improve the time and opportunity within your reach.

### The First Mission at Notre Dame.

The first attempts at the erection of a mission in Southern Michigan, according to the testimony of the few of the tribe of the Pottawottamies still to be found on the spot, was made, perhaps, as early as 1675. The successful achievement of the project was accomplished in 1690. Father Allouez, in that year, attended by Dablon, after having coasted Lake Michigan from Green Bay, entered the St. Joseph River, so called in honor of the patron Saint of Canada, and making advance against its tide, proceeded until, some twenty-five miles (fifty by the river) from its mouth, he reached the locality now the seat of the inviting town of Niles. About half a mile up-stream from the heart of the town—a narrow belt of boggy lowland lying between it and the river—rises a semicircular bluff, at the base of which, and through the soil of the marshy level, runs a brook which empties its slender contribution of supply into the St. Joseph. On this bluff, up till within twenty-five years since, if not now, the traces were plainly distinguishable of a fortification, the cross planted at the time of its construction, and still to be seen, in the rear of it, indicating by whom, and for what use, it was built. Here, conveniently established between an encampment of Miamis on one side of the river, and three several settlements—one at Pokegan, a second on the shores of what are now known as the Notre Dame Lakes, and the third and principle one, close by the fort—of the Pottawottamies on the other, Allouez built a chapel (a brewery occupies the site now), and near by, a log cabin for his own accommodation. His labors were carried on successfully, and without the occurrence of any extraordinary event to invest them with special interest. After a faithful service of several years, he died in the summer of 1690. His ashes repose in the graveyard of the Catholic mission at Niles. The establishment was kept up, part of the time under the ministry of Chardon, "a man wonderful in the gift of tongues, speaking fluently nearly all the Indian languages of the Northwest," until 1759. In that year the French garrison of Fort St. Joseph was attacked by a party of English soldiers, the engagement resulting, after a fierce contest, in the defeat of the French. The survivors of the garrison, including the priests, were carried away, prisoners, to Quebec. The mission, thus violently dissolved, was not reorganized for nearly a hundred years. In 1830, Father Stephen Badin pitched his tent in the vicinity, revived the faith among the Pottawottamies, built a chapel on the little St. Mary's Lake, near South Bend, bought a section of land, which, conveyed to the Bishop of Vincennes, through him was dedicated, in the interests of education, to the church, and is now the seat of that notable institution of learning—the University of Notre Dame.—*Nevin's Black-Robes, or Sketches of Missions and Ministers in the Wilderness and on the Border.*

—He was a graduate of Harvard, and he got a position on one of the Philadelphia dailies last week. "Cut that stuff of yours down," said the city editor as the new man came in with a column where a stick was desired. "Do you desire a judicious elimination of the superfluous phraseology?" mildly returned the Harvard man. "No! Boil it down?" thundered the city ed. The new man is gone now—gone back to Boston. He says there ain't "cultuah" enough in Philadelphia.—*Forney's Press.*



## Scientific Notes.

—Sir Allan Young is contemplating the dispatch of the Pandora to the Arctic regions again, next spring. The vessel will be refitted for the purpose, and its owner will probably try the Spitzbergen route, instead of that by Smith's Sound.

—Dr. Garlick, who has had long experience in hatching and rearing trout, states, in *Forest and Stream*, that the yearling trout are never over three inches long. Unlike many other species, this fish grows slowly during the first two years.

—Twenty tons of alabaster have been imported from Italy by an organ company of Boston. It is to be sawn into blocks and manufactured into the recently discovered substance, "lithophane ivory," and used entirely for the keyboards of organs and pianos.

—A petrified wasp-nest has been found near Eureka, Nev., by blasting in the solid rock forty feet below the surface of the ground. On breaking it open, some cells, larva, and two perfectly-formed wasps were found, also petrified. The rock is a granitic sand stone of sedimentary formation.

—A French chemist is said to have succeeded in producing a paint with which to illuminate the numbers on street doors at night. Figures traced with it are so lustrous as to be read even on a dark night, and the preparation of the compound is said to be simple, inexpensive, and not injurious.

—Preparations for Prof. Nordenskjöld's voyage along the north coast of Europe and Asia, by way of Behring's Straits, are being rapidly forwarded. Mr. Dickson, of Gothenberg, defrays the greater part of the cost of the enterprise, and King Oscar, of Sweden, contributes a considerable amount in aid of it.

—From the refuse matter left after distilling alcohol from grapes M. Carpené has succeeded in obtaining a red coloring liquid. This liquid dissolves readily in a weak solution of alcohol, and may therefore be employed in imparting a desirable hue to wine, instead of the poisonous substances at present employed for that purpose.

—Herr H. L. Zeittles read a paper on the ancestry of the common house-dog, at a late meeting of the Dresden Naturalists' Society. The author has been studying the subject for eleven years, and concludes that the dog, *Canis familiaris*, does not descend from either wolves or foxes, but from the jackal and the so-called Indian wolf, *Canis palipes*.

—One of the attractions of the Paris Exposition of 1878 will be a Bench-Show. Dogs will be exhibited under six categories,—the first, comprising animals used for protecting human beings and guarding flocks; the second, hunting dogs; the third, those used to shoot over; the fourth, grayhounds; the fifth, fancy breed and house-dogs; and the sixth, miscellaneous varieties not included in the other classes.

—Two hundred and forty-eight species of birds have been found in the Madagascar and the adjacent islands. Of these, 220 belong to Madagascar, and 104 are restricted to the island. Out of these 104, not less than ninety are referred to peculiar genera. The Comoro Islands contain about forty-four species of birds; Mauritius, about sixty; Bourbon, about the same; and Rodriguez, about twenty-five only.

—It would seem that not only is the climate of Iceland growing so cold that grain cannot ripen there, but that of Scandinavia and Western Europe is becoming more severe. This is due, it is supposed, to the steady descent of the ice of the far North upon the shores of Iceland. It has been ascertained that the temperature of Greenland was once much more mild than at present. Plants have been discovered in a fossil state there which cannot now present a sign of life. In the Atlantic, also, ice has been found much further south than formerly. Is another ice age slowly making its approach?

—Entire success is claimed for the enterprise of subterranean telegraphy in Germany. The wires between Berlin and Halle have been in use for twelve months, and their conducting power has increased, no fault having yet been

detected in the insulation. The line is formed by a cable of seven thin copper wires twisted together so as to be a single conductor; they are cased in India-rubber, and laid in a trench which is dug and afterwards filled in by a steam excavator. The trench dug by this machine is uniform; it is one metre deep and half a metre wide. The work in ordinary soil is said to go forward with great expedition, and underground wires will soon be laid between all the chief cities.

—A Swedish paper states that in the Bay of Komenok, near Koma, in Greenland, fossil and very characteristic remains of palm and other trees have been discovered lately, which tend to show that in these parts formerly a rich vegetation must have existed. But the ice period of geologists arrived, and, as a consequence of the decreasing temperature, this fine vegetation was covered with ice and snow. This sinking in the temperature, which moved in a southerly direction, as can be proved by geological data, that is the discovery of fossil plants of certain species, seems to be going on in our days also. During the last few years the ice has increased far towards the south; thus between Greenland and the Arctic Sea colossal masses of ice have been accumulated. On European coasts we now frequently find ice in latitudes where it never existed before during the summer months, and the cold reigning upon the Scandinavian peninsula this summer results from the masses of ice which are floating in the region where the Gulf Stream bends towards the British coasts. This is a repetition, says *Nature*, of the observations made in the cold summer of 1865. The unaccustomed vicinity of these masses of ice has rendered the climate of Iceland so cold that corn no longer ripens there, and the Icelanders, in fear of a coming famine and icy climate, begin to find new homes in North America.

## Art, Music and Literature.

—"A History of Music" is in preparation by H. G. B. Hunt, warden of Trinity College, London.

—An engraving of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler's famous work, "The Roll-Call," is rapidly approaching completion.

—Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton intends shortly to publish a volume of her poems, to be called by the pretty Tennysonian title of "Swallow-Flights."

—The first complete English version of the sonnets of Michael Angelo has been made by Mr. J. A. Symonds from the autograph edited by Signore Cesare Guasti.

—The Tauchnitz collection of English authors now comprises 1,669 volumes. Of these, 1,597 are by British authors, and the remaining seventy by American authors.

—Mr. A. B. Durant, the venerable painter, although now in his 83d year, still works busily in his studio. He has been sketching the scenery about Lake George this season.

—Herr Ferdinand Becker, a distinguished German artist, recently died at Mayence, at the age of 31. The premature close of his promising career is greatly deplored by all who knew of his rare talents.

—Four hitherto unknown Masses by Palestrina and several manuscripts of the great Bach were recently discovered in a secluded cloister near Graz. The discovery was celebrated by the performance of one of the Palestrina Masses.

—Wilhelm Tappert, among the most zealous of Richard Wagner's adherents and defenders, will soon publish, with the composer's sanction, a number of his old pieces left with him long since. They include settings for several of the songs in "Faust."

—Prof. Moritz Thausing has secured the rough sketch of Michael Angelo's competitive design of "Soldiers Surprised Bathing." The drawing is of undoubted authenticity,—the name of Michael Angelo being written by himself several times on the sheet which contains this and also two or three other slight sketches.

—The seventh volume of the revised Encyclopædia Britannica is nearly ready. Among the writers are Prof.

A. W. Ward on "Drama," A. R. Wallace on "Distribution," John Morley on "Diderot," E. B. Taylor on "Demology" and "Derivation," Orcas Browning on "Education," Mr. Hamerton on "Drawing," and Prof. Robertson on the "Decalogue."

—The late Lord Lytton left not only a complete play, founded on the Captivity of Plautus, but "an original comedy of modern life," entitled "The House of Darnley," which has been completed at the request of the present Lord Lytton, by Mr. Coghlan, by the addition of a fifth act, and was to have been produced in London at the reopening of the Court theatre.

—The art of Engraving is making good progress in Austria, the "Societe de Gravure de Vienne" doing much to advance it. The works of Unger have achieved a European reputation, but little is known outside of their native land of other Austrian etchers and engravers. Jacoby, one of the founders of the Society, has been at work eight years on a large plate from Raphael's "School of Athens."

—The overhauling of an old church in Leipsic in the last century occasioned the taking down of a number of original paintings of great value by Albrecht Dürer. They were placed with a quantity of old rubbish in a lumber room in the church tower and forgotten. After nearly a hundred years of neglect and oblivion they have just been accidentally found and have been transferred to the Leipsic Museum.

—In a short time a volume of great interest to all admirers of Thomas Moore, whether as a man or as a poet, will make its appearance. It will be a gathering from his unpublished papers, manuscripts, and correspondence, curiously preserved through many accidents and vicissitudes, combined with a selection of his hitherto uncollected fugitive and scattered writings, and will form a necessary supplement to all previous editions of his works.

—James Parton has prepared, under the title of "Le Parnasse Francais," a volume which will perform for French poetry the service which Mr. Emerson has rendered to our own in his English "Parnassus." He has selected representative and characteristic French poems from 1550 to the present time, omitting passages that do not admit of home and school reading, and has accompanied them with an interesting introductory essay and much valuable information as to authors, etc.

—The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* contains an article by M. Louis Courajod, in which the theory is advanced that Leonardo da Vinci was the sculptor of the bust of Beatrice d'Este which stands in the Louvre. The work was for many years attributed to Desiderio da Settignano, but Milanese proved that Settignano died twelve years before Princess Beatrice was born. The interesting suggestion that Da Vinci was the author of the beautiful marble is supported by ingenious arguments, yet, with our present knowledge, is incapable of demonstration.

—The "Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner," edited by Mr. Pierce, will be ready, in two large volumes, early in November. There will be two portraits, one from a daguerreotype taken when Mr. Sumner was between 45 and 50, the other from the picture of him as a young man, in the possession of Prof. Longfellow. In connection with the references to Mr. Sumner's correspondents and friends Mr. Pierce has prepared footnotes giving the biographical and historical information desirable for a proper understanding of the references.

—A. M. Sullivan's work, heretofore announced, on "New Ireland," will shortly be published by Sampson, Low & Co., London, in two volumes. In this work, Mr. Sullivan aims to lay before the world a series of picturesque descriptive sketches of eventful episodes in Ireland's history during the last quarter of a century. In his preface, he says: "I avow, perhaps, too bold an ambition in expressing the hope that these chapters may assist in promoting that better understanding and kindlier feeling between the New England and the New Ireland which the patriotic hearts on either shore must assuredly desire. No lighter consideration, no hope less high, has led me to undertake them."

—The monks of Monte Cassino have undertaken a very full descriptive catalogue of all the manuscripts in the pos-

session of their noble library, with accurate fac-similes of the caligraphy and of miniature paintings in them. Such a work will constitute, says the *Unità Cattolica*, a most important treasury of palæography, and one that can only be paralleled by the greatest works of Maurini and the most splendid palæographic publications of England, France and Germany. The present work will be enriched with a most learned preface by Father Tosti, and will have a special opportuneness at the present time in reference to the approaching centenary of St. Benedict, and it proves that, even at the present time in Italy and in the midst of the prevailing difficulties, splendid ecclesiastical works can be undertaken, and that by the labors of those very monks who are now depreciated and harassed in a thousand ways.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "According to the *Gaulois*, the Pope, since the re-establishment of his health, has renewed the work in which he has for some time been engaged, of compiling his memoirs. He commenced this occupation eight years ago. This statement is calculated to cause some uneasiness in the bosoms of those who have at various times corresponded freely with his Holiness; for it seems that the biography is to contain all the confidential correspondence carried on with their late majesties Napoleon III., Charles Albert, and the present king of Italy. It is, however, some consolation to learn that the Pope has directed that, looking to the gravity of the revelations contained in the memoirs, they are not to be published until ten years after his death. Much letter-writing would doubt be spared to eminent persons if they gave formal notices that all their correspondence would immediately on their decease be placed in the publisher's hands."

—The *Cincinnati Times* gives the following eminently just criticism of the acting of Edwin Booth: "Booth is not ordinary in any thing he accomplished, for, while his excellence may vary from the unapproachable art which gives life, soul, realism to his 'Hamlet' or 'Claude Melnotte,' down to what may be regarded as his less perfect efforts, the same genius and scholastic thought are the facts of his triumphs. All of them are beyond the possibility of a less richly endowed intelligence, no matter what singularity of adeptness or luck make other actors great in specific performances. The comprehensiveness of Booth's artistic probabilities is the indelible stamp of his genius. He is peerless in several rôles, and imparts to others a magnificence that obscures the incompleteness of facts, but he is great in all. To the latter belongs his 'Lear.' What he lacks to smooth the contrasts of pacific and violent shading is not the beginning of an impossibility. It only leaves out the mellowness of perfection in the decay of a robust nature struggling in fierceness of wrath, chained by the tortures of a scorned parental love. Mr. Booth's physical refinement fails to depict the grand limit of such an emotion, but in the pathetic eloquence of 'Lear's' grief, it completes a portrayal without example."

In the warm plains of Turkey, south of the Balkan Mountains, whole districts are covered with rose-plants set in lines about five feet apart, and tended for some years with the greatest care. At length, on some fresh, sweet morning of early summer, and while the roses are yet wet with dew, the tender flowers are torn off by the laborers, and cast at once by heaps into huge coppers, there to boil for hours in water. The fragrant steam is carried along a tube, and on cooling becomes a kind of thick rose-water. This is boiled up again, and its vapor cooled into a liquid on the top of which floats a yellowish oily scum that is known as "attar of roses." It takes about four thousand pounds of roses to make about one pound of attar. Once a merchant opened a cupboard in his store and showed a visitor thirty large glass bottles in which he said was sixty thousand dollars' worth of the precious essence. This quantity must have taken nearly four million of roses in the making! But may be, after all, their fragrance in that form would give more and longer-lasting pleasure than could have been given by the flowers had they been left upon their bushes, where they could have cheered only the passers-by.—*Exchange*.

—It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life.

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, November 10, 1877.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame Ind., and of others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the ELEVENTH year of its existence, greatly improved, and with a larger circulation than at the commencement of any former year.

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## Hazing.

Every year in the months of September and October we read in the papers of numerous cases of hazing freshmen, and not unfrequently are some of the victims made to suffer on a bed of sickness from the effects of being held under a pump, thrown into a stream, or some other such cruelty. How the officers of a college can allow such a thing as "hazing" to take place, or those students guilty of the practice are not instantly expelled, are things which we cannot understand.

The barbarous custom of hazing has never been an "institution" in Catholic colleges. The infliction of pain upon *new comers*—treating them as if they had fallen among the savages of Indians—is so opposed not only to everything Christian, but to everything refined and gentlemanly, considered without reference to any higher rule than the amenities of civilized life, that hazing has never been an acknowledged and time-honored custom in Catholic colleges. We are rejoiced to see that some places, in which hazing has been practised, have taken measures to put a stop to this savage use of might over right.

In connection with this it comes natural to speak of a kindred subject. Although hazing is not the spirit of Catholic colleges, though the great majority receive newcomers in a friendly manner, and limit themselves to quizzing any little eccentricity of character manifested by a late arrival, or in bringing him down a "peg or two" if he "puts on too much style," yet it must not be supposed that at all times all the students are of the class of real gentlemen. The authorities of a college cannot know the character of all young men who apply for admittance, and it happens that young men, frequently with a specious exterior, are admitted, who, sooner or later, prove themselves to be by nature and previous education of the class of "roughs." Such young men show their true colors by

neglect of class duties, by insubordination, by grumbling and complaining of rules that are conducive to the happiness of the whole college, though, like all general rules, they may prove a little irksome at times to individuals. Their vulgarity and other qualities of the specious "rough" crop out in a thousand different ways,—in their boorish and impolite behavior to their professors, and in their tyrannical treatment of those of their fellow-students whom they imagine they can maltreat with impunity. Add to this their boasting of deeds which, likely, they have never done, except in imagination, deeds which honorable young men would be ashamed to do, and would consider themselves insulted were such actions attributed to them, and you have the "rough" pretending to be a student; the ass in the lion's skin.

Such cases, it is true, are rare; and, unless the vulgarity of the subject is ingrained, dyed in the wool, the discipline of the college and intercourse with students of culture usually soften down the "rough" and give him both the manners and sentiments of a gentleman.

In case, however, he be in corrigible, then the extreme measure of dismissal is resorted to. Thus hazing and ungentlemanly manners are prevented from becoming fixed institutions in our colleges.

## The Good Student.

If a young man at college really and truly loves study, nothing save sickness will restrain him from being a student in the true sense of the word, and from making good use of the means at his command for studying. The fact is, when we hear people complain of want of time for studying we discover that they are in reality attached to some other pursuit, which prevents them from devoting to study the time proper to it, or that they are not possessed of the energy and the spirit which should animate the true student. They hear a companion praised, and will join in praising him because of the great amount of information he has acquired, and they will wonder in what manner it was that he managed to gain it—but when they themselves are urged to emulate him in his course, they give the pitiable excuse that they have not time. They say that they would dearly love to be distinguished among their companions—will say to themselves that they are ambitious of storing their minds with useful information,—but, then, they have not time. They have time for play, and for everything else which serve to amuse them, but they have not the time to study; they have time to spend in reading some frivolous or worthless novel, but they have no time for solid reading. They have time to waste in making things look tasty in their desks, but they have no time to spend in adorning their minds with the knowledge which comes through hard study. How foolish! They have no time? They have the time, if they will but use it. In most cases they fail in their studies because they fritter away time, because they give themselves up to their own ease, or to genuine idleness.

If they had the same energy and determination, the same noble and laudable ambition that other young men whom we have in our mind's eye possess, they might through the learning they would acquire become distinguished during their college life, and in after years become able men. But they have no energy, no ambition to excel; they fail to become good students while at college, and in after-life will be compelled to take a low or mediocre position



among their fellow-men. They are capable of studying, but they lack determination. Every great difficulty frightens them, and they despair of overcoming before they have tried to do so. They know that in six years a good knowledge of Latin and Greek may be obtained; they know this because they have seen others by hard work master these languages and other studies besides; yet they themselves do not succeed, because they have lost their time in indulging their own ease,—not endeavoring to solve the difficulties which present themselves, but going to their teacher with them before even attempting to work them out. While they have hesitated over a phrase in Latin or a problem in mathematics, the young man of energy and ambition has construed the one and solved the other. Such is the difference between energetic hard work and the hesitating, lazy manner of pursuing knowledge.

With people of this turn of mind, the worst of all is the almost utter impossibility of convincing them that hard work on their part is what is required. They attribute the success of their companions to the brightness of their intellect, giving them no credit for the long hours they have spent in toil and labor. Some, no doubt, are naturally bright and apt at learning, but there are many young men who are not so, and yet who attain a high position in spite of all difficulties, and succeed, too, simply by their energy and application. On the other hand we have seen many a young man whose mind was well calculated to receive information pass through college without much success, because of his fatal habit of preferring his own ease and comfort to the labor of study.

No: if a young man is really desirous of becoming a good student all that is necessary for him to do is to give all his time and attention to the matter; to be prepared for class; and, no matter how many times he may fail, to stick to his work until he has overcome the difficulty which he may have to encounter. Unless he does this he can never expect to become a good student.

### Personal.

- Fred Rudge, of '76, is in England.
- Lawrence Cable, of '46, is banking at Sandusky, Ohio.
- T. H. Quinn (Commercial, of '77,) is residing in Philadelphia, Pa.
- William Campbell, of '77, is practicing law in Philadelphia, Pa.
- Jos. E. Marks (Commercial, of '75,) is clerking in a bank at Chicago, Ill.
- P. J. Mattimore (Commercial, of '77,) is stopping at his home in Toledo, Ohio.
- Philip Kelly (Commercial, of '74,) is clerk in the Massie House at Portsmouth, Ohio.
- A. H. Mitchell (Commercial, of '75,) is in the grain business with his father at Chicago, Ill.
- Timothy McGrath, of '77, is living in Springfield, Ill. Tim is teaching the young idea how to shoot.
- Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwenger, Bishop of Fort Wayne, honored Notre Dame with his presence last Wednesday.
- Wm. S. Meyer (Commercial, of '75,) is clerking in a wholesale hardware store at Portsmouth, Ohio.
- Richard Calkins (Commercial, of '77,) is keeping books for the law firm of Rissill & Gorrill, Toledo, Ohio.
- James Noonan (Commercial, of '74,) occupies the same position in the engineer's office on the L. S. & M. S. R. R., Cleveland, Ohio.
- Rev. L. J. Letourneau went to Mt. Clemens, Mich., this last week, to visit his mother on the occasion of her eightieth birthday.

—James C. O'Rourke, who was at Notre Dame, last year, has made up his mind to lead a religious life, and has joined the Society of St. Paul, in New York city. We wish Mr. O'Rourke all happiness in his new life.

—At the Tri-State Medical Convention, held lately at Evansville, Dr. A. M. Owen, of '67, took a prominent part, and at the banquet given the last day made a most happy speech. Dr. Owen is one of the professors in the Evansville Medical College, and has a large and lucrative practice. His many friends who knew him at Notre Dame will be happy to learn of his success.

—The play grounds of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, Ohio, witnessed lately a touching scene. The news that a new President of the institution had been appointed and that Rev. Father Toohey, C. S. C., was destined for another field of labor had caused the students not to allow their beloved Superior to depart without showing their gratitude for all that he had done for them. To give expression to these sentiments, a fine address was delivered by Mr. John Berteling, a student of the graduating class, which was presented to the Rev. Father, who also received on the occasion several handsome presents. Rev. Father Toohey was deeply moved by these tokens of gratitude and love. After words of thanks to his former pupils, he gave them salutary advice in reference to their future welfare, and promised to remember them at the altar. Rev. Father Toohey will be the companion of Rev. Father Cooney, C. S. C., on the missions. His place is taken by Rev. Father Franciscus, C. S. C., late Vice-President at the College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Watertown, Wis.—*Cincinnati "Wahrheitsfreund"* of Oct. 31.

—The following, received from a subscriber in Nevada, shows that the writer is a young man of good sound sense:

"DEAR SIR:—For a good while past I have been receiving your little journal, and have found it a source of much pleasure and instruction to me, for the scope of its articles I found unlimited and to reach far beyond those usually found in daily or weekly papers. The nature of the articles is such as to furnish wholesome mental food, and I only wish that it could take the place of those flashy sensational sheets found at every street corner all over the country, and which are doing more to corrupt the youth of the country than any thing else I know of. It is an old saying that 'Those who dance should pay the fiddler.' I think that will hold good also in regard to papers, and as I think I am somewhat indebted to you for the SCHOLASTIC, I enclose two dollars; if I owe more, be kind enough to let me know. Your little journal is the most welcome visitor I have. It takes precedence of all others, and is the first one opened of the many I receive.

As large oaks from little acorns grow,  
And papers do likewise:  
I expect some day to see you show  
A paper of much greater size.  
I do not mean that worth and size  
Go hand in hand together,  
For a sheet though small can oft comprise  
Twice the worth of any other.

### Local Items.

- The Minims now number forty-one.
- Navigation on the Lakes has closed.
- The Seniors now have a reading room.
- Isn't it odd that the only 'ology not taught is tautology?
- The first snowstorm of the year occurred on Monday, the 5th.
- The psalms sung at Vespers to-morrow are all from the Common of the B. V. M.
- Never was it known that the students generally got such good notes as this year.
- The St. Cecilians are under obligation to Rev. Jno. Ford for a handsome present.
- A sacred concert will be given at St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, to-morrow evening.
- Bulletins were made out last week, and are by this time in the hands of parents and guardians.

—"Sweet" is derived from the Latin *mansuetus*. The "man" was removed because he turned sour.

—There were several interesting games of racket and hand-ball played by the Juniors during the week.

—The members of the Choral Union, under the directorship of Bro. Leopold, are making marked progress.

—The Juniors still continue to take their usual walks out in the country, and no doubt are benefitted by so doing.

—Although usually regarded as a mediæval coin, the ducat will be found mentioned in the *Æneid*—lib. I-v. 645.

—What with any number of flowers, the room of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association has the appearance of a hot-house.

—On Wednesday afternoon, the 31st ult., the Seniors played a most interesting game of foot-ball. The victorious side got a barrel of apples.

—A valuable addition in the shape of a little steam-engine, lathe, tools, etc., was lately made to the workshop attached to the laboratory.

—The average politician is by no means as perfect as a *vir teres atque rotundus*. Like other luminaries, he is apt to be a little flattened at the polls.

—In the List of Excellence published last week the names of Ambrose Hertzog and Luke Evers should have appeared as best in Essays and Criticism.

—There will be a meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Senior Department) to-morrow evening. Everyone desirous of joining should send in his name.

—The Curator of the Museum gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a valuable classified collection of minerals donated to the Cabinet of Mineralogy by Dr. Müller, C. P. S.

—Any of our friends wishing to advertise with profit should address Prof. J. A. Lyons, who is now preparing his SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC, and will have it out the first of next month.

—The St. Aloysius Philodemic Association hold meetings regularly every week, we are told, but as we never receive any word from the Secretary of the Association we have to take our informant's word for it.

—It is said that it would be a good thing to have lamps along the side aisles of the church, as it becomes dark about the time Vespers begin, and the lamps along the main aisle do not cast light far enough.

—At the 10th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club, held Monday, Nov. 5th, the principal business was the admission to membership of Mr. Spalding on the merits of an essay written and read by him.

—The readers in the Senior refectory are: J. P. McHugh, Sunday; P. J. Cooney, Monday; J. Fitzgerald, Tuesday; A. K. Schmidt, Wednesday; L. D. Murphy, Thursday; W. Ohlman, Friday; J. J. Quinn, Saturday.

—Everyone should mark in his Vespers the psalms to be sung at Vespers. Every week we give the names of the psalms, or the pages on which they may be found in the Vespers, and this should be seen to before going to church.

—Next Thursday, the 15th inst., Rev. Father Zahm will commence his course of Science Lectures. The subject of his first lecture will be "Water and its Elements." It will, we understand, be profusely illustrated by brilliant experiments.

—The *Itemizer*, a spicy little hebdomadal published in Monroe, Mich., gave two of the students a "puff" last week on account of having their names on the Roll of Honor. These two young gentlemen are of course from Monroe.

—The expression "pard" for "partner" is much older than Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller. Even in Shakespeare we find: "Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard"; and Mower has "Oh! blame not thy pard if he play not the bowers," etc.

—The 9th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held November 1st. Declamations were delivered by Masters Lemarie, Gibbons, Lang, McNellis, Scanlan, Rietz, Burns, Sievers, McCarty, Van

Mourick and O'Hara. Master H. Gramling was elected a member.

—The ibis was worshipped in Egypt as a god, and being continually confined in temples amid the suffocating fumes of incense, was exposed to constant danger of asphyxiation. In Media, where they were looked upon merely as common birds, they escaped this danger, and thrived amazingly. Hence the proverb: In Mediâ tutissimus ibus.

—An organization meeting of the Reading-Room Association was held Nov. 1st. At this meeting the following officers were elected: Director, Very Rev. Wm. Corby, C. S. C.; President, Prof. J. F. Edwards; Vice-President, A. J. Hertzog; Recording Secretary, V. McKinnon; Treasurer, Wm. Dechant; Censors, J. Houck and J. Fitzgerald.

—We find ourselves under the disagreeable necessity of hinting again at that threadbare subject, exercise. Some of our students are more like statues on the Campus than living beings. Stir yourselves, lads, and you will find how much you will be benefitted both in body and mind.—*College Message*. Have we not a few of those "statues" amongst our students?

—The fourth regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary took place Sunday, Nov. 4th. Essays were read by the following: Geo. Cassidy, on the Rosary; F. McGrath, on the Origin and Object of the Knight Templars; and R. Keenan, on the Life of St. Thomas Aquinas. At this meeting Master W. McCarty was elected a member of the Association.

—Ike was reading the account of some trouble in an Episcopal congregation occasioned by the Ritualistic proclivities of the clergyman in office: "The reverend gentleman insisted on preaching in his surplice and stole—" "Oh! he stole, did he?" said Mrs. Partington. "Then I don't wonder at the conflagration. If a man of his ambiguities is unimpeachable, who shall we look to for moral suasion?"

—The 12th of this month—next Monday—is the third anniversary of the death of Rev. N. H. Gillespie, the founder and first manager of the SCHOLASTIC, and the founder of the St. Aloysius Philodemic Society, the Thespian Society, the old Philo-Historic Society, the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, and the old Sodality of the Holy Angels. Rev. Father Gillespie was also the originator of the old Progress, a manuscript paper, the forerunner of the SCHOLASTIC.

—A professor at a social party in a certain town not a thousand miles from here was requested to entertain the company with some music. Having a high opinion of his audience, he gave them some classical selections. But they failed to appreciate it and called for "Yankee Doodle." He complied, playing the same in the right hand, and the accompaniment in a different remote key in the left. The applause which followed greatly modified the professor's opinion of his audience's musical culture.

—At a meeting of the Archconfraternity of the B.V. M. the following young gentlemen were elected members: S. T. Spalding, J. Johnson, E. Anderson, W. Arnold, J. E. Cooney, J. P. Kinney, G. Saxinger, J. Krost, W. Ohlman, F. Keller, M. McCue, F. Hoffman, J. Hoffman, L. Horn, G. McEniry, A. S. Hettinger, J. Fitzgerald, F. Ewing, J. Shugrue, T. F. O'Grady, W. Murphy, P. G. Dougherty, J. McCoulogue, J. Montgomery, J. J. Coleman, O. McKone, J. Prudhomme, W. Prudhomme, J. J. Quinn, A. Keenan, L. Eisenman, J. Rogers, F. J. Walter.

—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 31st, as the sun was setting in the distant West, there might have been seen, not a "solitary horseman wending his way over a distant mountain," but about eighty or ninety Juniors on the Campus, trimmed in red and blue colors, to designate their respective sides, struggling with might and main to get a football within the wished for goal. The game was for a barrel of apples, and was one of the hardest contested games we have ever witnessed. The struggle commenced at 2 o'clock, and it was nearly 5 when a shout of victory went up from the victorious "reds." E. J. Pennington, a New Orleans boy, acted as captain for the "reds," and G. H. Donnelly, a Chicago boy, fulfilled the same duty for the "blues." Those who distinguished themselves for good play were Messrs. Sievers, Lemarie, Burger, Pennington, McNellis, Walker,

Donnelly, Sugg, Walsh, Keenan, Bannon, Baker, and Bloom.

—We forgot to mention in our last issue a large and beautiful classified collection of shells and minerals procured for the Cabinets of Natural History and Mineralogy. Among the minerals are many fine doubly terminated crystals, which, we are sure, will be interesting to the students of Crystallography. The crystals of Staurolite, Rutiles, Chiasolite, Beryl, Leucite, Corundum, Mica, Biotite, Phlogopite, Galena, Selenite and Tourmaline are unusually perfect. We noticed also some very beautiful specimens of Moss Agate, Itacolumite, one in particular which is very large, Petrified Wood, Pellucid and Smoky Quartz, Chalcedony, Amethyst and also a large number of valuable specimens of rare marbles and ores of silver, including several fine specimens of Ruby, silver, lead, iron, and copper.

—"Work while you work, and play while you play. That is the way to be happy and gay." The boy that plays is generally happy, and so is the student that works hard in preparing his lessons. And why should he not be happy? He knows that he is a source of pleasure to his parents and friends, that his monthly bulletins speak of him in the highest praise, that his professors and prefects hold him in their highest estimation. While, on the other hand, the boy that does not study in the study-hall nor join in the games on the Campus, but goes skulking about during recreation, is always unhappy, never satisfied with himself or anybody else, nor is anybody satisfied with him. One of the best records of all the students that have ever attended the University is that of a student who remained here several years, and was a leader in all field sports, besides belonging to the Boat Club as well as dramatic, religious and literary societies.

—We particularly call the attention of all the students to the lectures on Natural and Physical Science to be delivered during the ensuing term. The Commercial students especially, and those who do not expect to remain long enough to complete the Classical and Scientific Courses, should make it a point to attend all these lectures, without exception. The lectures will be suited to the capacity of all, and will be illustrated with experiments which will impress the laws and principles enunciated indelibly on the minds of all. The lectures on Chemistry and Physics will be a *resumé* of these sciences, and even should a person devote to them no further study, he will, by giving proper attention to the lectures delivered, acquire a general knowledge of them which may be of the greatest service to him in after-life. Father Zahm has just received a large number of beautiful instruments to illustrate his lectures, and will spare no pains to make them interesting and instructive.

—The 10th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association took place on the 3d inst. Declamations were delivered by Masters C. Clarke, J. Perea, M. Burns, R. Mayer, R. Keenan, and J. Healy. Essays were read by Masters W. A. Widdicombe and G. Cassidy. The debate, "Resolved that a Classical Education Develops the Mind More than a Scientific One," took place at this meeting. The following are the names of those who took part in the debate: affirmative—Masters W. A. Widdicombe, F. Bloom, F. Cavanaugh, M. Burns, and G. Cassidy; negative: Masters J. A. Burger, J. Healy, G. F. Sugg, C. Clarke, and R. Keenan. The superiority of the classical over the scientific education was ably advocated and maintained by those on the affirmative side, while the negative side adduced equally strong arguments in favor of the scientific education, in consequence of the able manner in which those who advocated the respective sides argued the question the President reserved his decision for some future occasion. Very Rev. Father Corby, Rev. Father Walsh and Bro. Leander honored the Society with their presence.

### Prof. Howard's Lecture.

Prof. T. E. Howard delivered last Thursday evening in Phelan Hall a most instructive lecture on English Literature. We hope to be able to publish the Lecture entire in a week or two.

### Lyrics.

Founded on the Popular Superstition that the planets are inhabited, or are at least capable of accommodating a possible floating population.

*Aria:—DIXIE.*

*Cho.* Oh, I wish I lived in Saturn—  
I do—don't you?  
Around the ring I'd sweetly swing  
And live and die in Saturn.  
|: Away—away  
Away up there in Saturn :| Repeat.

I.  
At the utmost verge of the Solar system  
I found a star and then I missed him  
Away—away—beyond old Saturn's ring.  
I picked up a telescope and hit him in the eye  
And I made the little twinkler fly  
Around—around—around old Saturn's ring.

[The above is merely a sample of how popular melodies may be made the vehicle of disseminating valuable scientific deductions and hypotheses.]

### Roll of Honor.

[In the following list are the names of those students who during the past week have by their exemplary conduct given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. F. Arnold, W. Arnold, T. Barry, T. Barrott, P. J. Cooney, J. E. Cooney, J. J. Coleman, I. Chatterton, B. J. Claggett, J. Carroll, W. L. Dechant, E. Dempsey, J. M. Devine, P. J. Dougherty, J. G. Ewing, F. C. Ewing, L. J. Evers, L. Eisenman, J. Fitzgerald, F. J. Fulkerson, W. C. Farrar, J. Feuerstein, E. Gramling, A. Ginz, E. Gooley, S. Gooley, A. J. Hertzog, J. J. Houck, W. Hoyt, M. Hogan, L. Horn, J. Hoffman, F. Hoffman, A. W. Hettinger, J. Q. Johnson, A. W. Johnson, F. Keller, J. Kelly, J. Kuebel, B. Krantzner, J. J. Kotz, F. C. Luther, P. W. Mattimore, L. D. Murphy, J. J. Murphy, W. J. Murphy, J. D. Montgomery, V. T. McKinnon, H. Maguire, J. P. McHugh, M. McCue, P. F. McCullough, J. J. McConlogue, T. O'Grady, W. L. Prudhomme, E. Poor, J. J. Quinn, J. P. Quinn, M. J. Regan, E. W. Robinson, J. Rogers, J. Rothert, T. Summers, G. Saxinger, J. J. Shugrue, C. L. Stuckey, S. T. Spalding, F. Walter, G. Williams.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. G. Baker, F. W. Bloom, M. H. Bannon, J. A. Burger, H. E. Canoll, J. Carrer, W. D. Cannon, C. E. Cavanagh, G. P. Cassidy, F. Cavanaugh, G. H. Cochrane, R. French, P. Frain, L. Garceau, J. W. Guthrie, J. A. Gibbons, H. A. Gramling, J. L. Healy, J. F. Heitkam, J. E. Halloran, R. E. Keenan, J. D. McNellis, R. P. Mayer, T. F. McGrath, A. A. Miller, Thos. Nelson, T. P. O'Hara, G. Orr, F. T. Pleins, R. C. Pleins, S. S. Perley, E. J. Pennington, K. W. Reynolds, A. Reitz, G. E. Sugg, E. S. Walter, F. Weisert, J. Lumley, J. Mathews.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

A. M. Coghlin, P. P. Nelson, J. M. Scanlan, J. A. Bushey, M. Herrick, W. A. Coghlin, C. Crennen, W. J. Coolbaugh, John Inderrieden, N. Nelson, R. Costello, O. Farrelly, T. O'Neill, C. Crowe, H. Snee, Jos. Inderrieden, H. Kitz, C. Long, F. Berry, C. Bushey, J. McGrath, J. Crowe, C. Garrick, C. Herzog, J. Devine.

### Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

#### SPECIAL COURSE, COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, ETC.

J. Ittenbach, G. L. Ittenbach, H. Gramling, A. Ginz, E. Gramling, A. Reitz, E. Walter, J. Lemarie, J. Boehm, G. Walters, W. B. Walker, W. McCarthy, Wm. Ohlman, G. Williams, F. Walter, W. Jones, F. Lang, W. A. Widdicombe, F. Pleins, E. A. Walters, K. Reynolds, R. P. Mayer, W. Vander Hayden, E. Pennington, A. Heitkam, R. Johnson, C. Johnson, T. O'Hara, W. Doyle, J. Krost, A. Abrahams, I. Chatterton, J. English, M. Burns, J. Pembroke, E. Ward, F. Hoffman, A. Hettinger, A. J. Burger, J. Arentz, J. B. Prudhomme, R. Keenan, L. W. Prudhomme, K. L. Scanlan, Wm. Hoyte, M. J. McCue, W. L. Dechant, J. D. Montgomery, H. Whitmer, M. Williams, J. Burger, L. D. Murphy, J. J. Quinn, W. Murphy, Joseph Perea, E. Arnold, J. J. Shugrue, T. Fischel, F. Hellman, J. Stewart, P. McCullough, G. P. Cassidy, C. Clarke, W. Cannon, C. Cavanagh, L. Sievers, G. E. Sugg, J. Baker, J. W. Guthrie, C. Van Mourick, J. J. Houck, T. Barry,

J. Rothert, J. P. McHugh, J. Gibbons, A. K. Schmidt, O. Rettig, O. Hamilton, J. Healy, E. Robinson, G. Williams, P. J. Cooney, F. Luther, M. Hogan, B. J. Claggett, F. Weisert, J. Larkin, F. McGrath, F. Clarke, J. Fitzgerald, T. Hale, R. Price.

### List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

Law—J. J. Quinn; Elocution—L. D. Murphy, E. Arnold, P. Hagan, F. McGrath, W. A. Widdicombe, Jacob Perea; German—R. P. Mayer, J. B. Ittenbach, I. Chatterton; French, —; Artistic Drawing—V. McKinnon; Painting—A. K. Schmidt, A. Hatt.

N. B. Reports from 4th German and the French Classes were handed in too late for insertion in this week's SCHOLASTIC.

The following names should have appeared on the List of Excellence last week: Latin—G. Walters, P. Hagan, J. G. Baker, G. Cassidy, J. Cooney, C. Clarke, P. F. McCullough; English Composition—J. Fitzgerald, W. Murphy; History—J. J. Quinn, J. P. Quinn, W. Arnold, F. Bloom, J. P. McHugh; Algebra—J. Perea, F. Bloom, G. Cassidy; Geometry—P. F. McCullough.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

### In Memoriam.

A tribute to Sister Mary of St. Thomas, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and sister of Rev. D. Tighe, of Chicago. A few days before her death she had the happiness of making her profession.

O, why should we weep, since her voyage is o'er?  
Why, why should we grieve, since her tears flow no more?  
For earth holds no gem time could add to her crown;  
E'en Heaven could not carve a more brilliant renown.  
The brief score of years that she passed on the earth,  
Have filled up a lifetime of merits, of worth.

The choice of Heaven's Monarch, the spouse of our Lord;  
Ah, who would not envy her blissful award?  
And who would recall her from Truth's fadeless clime  
Back, back to earth's cloud-land of falsehood, of crime?  
Adored evermore be the will of her Spouse,  
Who claimed her, just crowned with the grace of her vows.

They told her the cords of her earth-life were riven:  
"O, welcome," she cried, "to the sweet will of Heaven!"  
And as a lone exile prepares to go home,  
She waited the moment her summons should come.  
As a babe falls asleep, so she breathed her last sigh.  
Our Lord took her thence: Oh, how sweet thus to die!

Bereaved priest of God, she is more now to thee  
Than ever in lifetime her true soul could be.  
The Choice of her young life, oh, is He not thine?  
Earth holdeth no union more strong, more divine.  
The warmth of eternity beams on the love  
So tender on earth, now cemented above.

Bereaved ones in Erin, green Isle of the wave,  
Ye mourn o'er the sod of a newly made grave;  
O'er the tomb of a husband, a father, whose smile  
Was the light of your home in that far sunny Isle;  
But check the hot tears, for though sorely bereft,  
There is joy in your woe: consolation is left.

E'en now, as we trust, in our Lord's Sacred Heart,  
The father, the daughter have met, ne'er to part.

And ye, O sad mourners on both sides the main;  
Look on to the time ye shall all meet again,  
Where the air ne'er responds to the sound of the knell,  
Where sighs are not breathed, and where tears never fell.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Oct. 31.

—Some very significant mementoes found their way on a path of hot-house flowers to a much esteemed client of St. Charles Borromeo, last Sunday.

—A delightful walk was taken a few days ago, and the young ladies were treated to all the apples they could eat at the farm-house which formed the terminus of their walk.

—A very full and interesting description of the scenery along the route to Salt Lake City, given in a letter from Mother Superior, was read in the Study-Hall on Sunday evening.

—The Monthly Certificates were distributed after the reception of points by the young ladies. Cards with the Beatitudes printed on them were also given on the same evening.

—On the 31st ult. the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the Chapel, and Nocturnal Adoration was enjoyed by the members of the religious associations, as a fitting prelude to the celebration of the Feast of All Saints.

—The instruction after Mass in the Chapel of Loreto was upon the first Beatitude. The ordinary fear of poverty was contrasted with the spirit inculcated in the very first incident connected with the life of our Blessed Lord, that of His birth in the stable, and of the very first condition to which, in His public teaching, He attached the blessedness of heaven.

### Roll of Honor.

#### ACADEMIC COURSE.

##### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses J. Cooney, B. Reynolds, P. Gaynor, L. O'Neill, A. Harris, A. Henneberry, M. Spier, A. Piet, M. O'Connor, A. Reising.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses C. Boyce, H. Russell, M. Ewing, B. Wilson, I. Fisk, E. Lange, S. Moran.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses N. McGrath, C. Silverthorne, M. Way, N. Keenan, A. Dopp, B. Thompson, S. Hamilton, L. Keena.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses L. Otto, M. Brown, E. Shaw, M. Halligan, H. Millis, M. Wagner, J. Burgert, C. Ortmeier, M. O'Neill, K. Riordan, F. Cregier, T. Pleins, K. Hackett, A. Brown, L. Hoag, L. Papin, L. Schwass.

1ST PREP. CLASS—Misses J. Winston, A. Farrell, M. Winston, S. Rheinboldt, M. Cleary.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses L. Neu, E. Thomas, E. Miller, M. Whiteside.

##### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses A. Ewing, A. Kirchner.

1ST PREP. CLASS—Misses A. McGrath, L. Chilton, A. Geiser.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses J. Kingsbury, M. Lambin, F. Fitz.

JR. PREP. CLASS—Misses M. Hake, A. McGinnis, L. Fox, L. Van Namee, F. Sunderland, L. Ellis, E. Hackett, M. McFadden, L. French, M. Lyons.

1ST JR. CLASS—Miss J. Butts.

2D JR. CLASS—Miss L. McFarland.

#### LANGUAGES.

##### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST LATIN CLASS—Misses J. Cooney, A. Piatt.

2D LATIN CLASS—Misses C. Silverthorne, M. Luce, M. Plattenburg, O. Franklin, H. Hoag.

##### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST FRENCH CLASS—Misses B. Wilson, N. McGrath, A. Harris, H. Russell, C. Silverthorne.

2D CLASS—Misses N. Keenan, J. Burgert, H. Millis, A. McGrath, M. Ewing, S. Moran, A. Geiser, J. Cooney, M. O'Connor, B. Reynolds.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Brown, M. Winston, M. Wagner, I. Fisk, M. Whiteside, A. Ewing, E. Mulligan.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Dopp, E. Shaw, Z. Papin, M. Casey, E. Wright, M. Danaher, L. Chilton, L. Fox, L. French.

#### GERMAN.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Usselman, D. Gordon, A. Kirchner, L. Walsh.

2D DIV.—Misses A. Reising, C. Ortmeier, S. Henneberry, L. O'Neill, S. Rheinboldt, K. Barrett.

3D CLASS—Misses M. Way, C. Boyce, S. Hamilton, F. Cregier, E. Miller.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—Misses B. Wilson and T. Pleins.  
 3D DIV.—Misses A. Geiser and C. Silverthorne.  
 2D CLASS—Misses A. Harris, N. Keenan, L. Kirchner.  
 2D DIV.—Misses L. O'Neill, M. Spier, E. Miller.  
 3D CLASS—Misses H. Buck, T. Whiteside, M. Usselman.  
 2D DIV.—Misses D. Gordon, L. Neu, J. Burgert.  
 4TH CLASS—Misses A. Kirchner, M. Brown, E. Lange, L. Walsh, H. Millis, A. Reising, A. and N. McGrath.  
 2D DIV.—Misses A. Farrell, P. Gaynor, K. Hackett, C. Ortmeier, J. Cooney, A. Morgan.  
 5TH CLASS—Misses F. Cregier, B. Anderson, H. Hoag, M. Donahoe, A. Woodin, M. Winston, M. Mullen.  
 2D DIV.—Misses M. White, K. Barrett, B. Thompson, L. Otto, M. Way, L. Hoag, E. Papin, L. M. French, E. Shaw, J. Winston.  
 6TH CLASS—Misses N. Hackett, M. Halligan, C. Van Namee, M. Ewing, S. Rheinboldt, O. Franklin, L. Schwass, C. Boyce, E. Thomas, A. Ewing.  
 2D DIV.—Misses I. Fisk, B. Parrott, L. Tighe, M. Lambin, M. Hake, M. Plattenburg, E. Wright.  
 7TH CLASS—Misses M. Birch, L. Fox, A. McGinnis, L. Chilton, S. Hamilton.  
 8TH CLASS—Misses L. McFarland, L. Ellis, J. Kingsbury, L. Wood.  
 9TH CLASS—Misses E. Wooten, M. McFadden.  
 GUITAR—Miss B. Anderson.  
 PRIVATE HARMONY CLASS—Misses L. Kirchner, B. Wilson, A. Geiser, T. Pleins.

#### ART DEPARTMENT.

##### DRAWING.

##### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

3D CLASS—Miss L. Kirchner.  
 4TH CLASS—Miss M. Spier.  
 Promoted to the 4th Class—Miss S. Rheinboldt.  
 5TH CLASS—Misses T. Whiteside, M. Plattenburg, N. Davis, A. Farrell, A. Kirchner, E. Mulligan, E. Thomas, L. French, L. McFarland, S. Hamilton, J. Butts.

##### GENERAL DRAWING CLASS.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses J. Burgert, L. Otto, M. Way, S. Rheinboldt, C. Ortmeier, A. Brown, T. Pleins, J. and M. Winston, E. Shaw, H. and L. Hoag, A. Dopp, B. Parrott, M. Brown, E. Miller, H. Buck, K. Lloyd, M. Halligan, Z. Papin, M. Luce, M. Mullen, K. Hackett, L. Kenna, H. Millis, N. McGrath, M. Danaher, M. Wagner, M. Cleary, J. Barnes, K. Barrett, I. Fisk, B. Anderson.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses D. Gordon, L. Chilton, A. Morgan, A. Kirchner, L. French, A. McGrath, M. Lyons, L. Ellis, M. Lambin, A. Ewing, F. Fitz, L. McFarland, E. and M. Mulligan.

##### PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

3D CLASS—Miss S. Moran.

##### OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Misses P. Gaynor, E. Lange.  
 3D CLASS—Misses B. Reynolds, M. O'Connor.

##### HONORABLY MENTIONED IN ORNAMENTAL NEEDLE-WORK.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Usselman, C. Ortmeier, H. Millis, M. Brown, L. Neu.  
 2D DIV.—Misses L. Schwass, T. Whiteside.  
 3D CLASS—Misses D. Gordon, A. Morgan, A. McGrath, N. Davis, B. Thompson, A. Varnell, J. Kingsbury, E. Shaw.

#### Tablet of Honor

For Neatness, Order, Amiability, and Correct Deportment.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses J. Cooney, A. Harris, A. Henneberry, A. Reising, M. Spier, M. O'Connor, B. Reynolds, P. Gaynor, A. Piet, L. O'Neill, H. Russel, M. Ewing, S. Moran, C. Boyce, B. Wilson, A. Dopp, N. McGrath, C. Silverthorne, M. Way, N. Keenan, H. Hoag, M. Burch, L. Kirchner, L. Keena, M. Luce, M. Danaher, K. Barrett, L. Tighe, K. Riordan, E. Shaw, F. Cregier, M. Halligan, L. Otto, M. Brown, M. Wagner, T. Pleins, M. Plattenburg, K. Hackett, A. Brown, L. Walsh, L. Hoag, C. Ortmeier, M. O'Neill, F. Brazelton, L. Papin, J. Winston, S. Rheinboldt, M. Usselman, M. Hayes, M. Mullen, M. Cleary, A. Farrell, E. Wright, E. Thomas, L. Neu, 100 *par excellence*. Misses E. Lange, I. Fisk, M. Casey, N. Davis, A. Woodin, M. Winston, J. Burgert, B. Parrott, H. Millis, O. Franklin, T. Whiteside, A. Miller, J. Barnes, A. Peak.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. McGinnis, M. Hake, L. Fox, M. McFadden, L. Van Namee, E. Mulligan, L. McFarland, 100 *par excellence*. Misses A. Ewing, D. Gordon, A. Morgan, A. Kirchner, L. Chilton, A. McGrath, A. Geiser, J. Kingsbury, M. Lambin, L. Ellis, E. Hackett, F. Sunderland, M. Cox, M. Lyons, P. Felt, B. and T. Haney, L. Walsh, M. Ivers.

## THE SUN.

1878.

NEW YORK.

1878.

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**DODGE & DODGE** (Chas. J., Notary Public, and Wm. W., both of '74), Attorneys at Law. Collections promptly made. Office, Hedge's Block, Burlington, Iowa.

**ORVILLE T. CHAMBERLAIN** (of '61), Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds. Office, 93 Main St., Elkhart, Ind.

**McBRIDE & MILLARD** (Jas. E. McBride, of '68), Att'ys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, and Proctors in Admiralty. Practice in all the courts of Mich. and of the U. S. Office, 41 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

**WILLIAM J. CLARKE** (of '74) Attorney at Law, Rooms 3 & 4, Law Building, No. 67 S. High St., Columbus, O.

**JAMES A. O'REILLY**—of '69—Attorney at Law, 527 Court Street, Reading, Pa. Collections promptly attended to.

**JOHN D. McCORMICK**—of '73—Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Lancaster, Ohio.

Civil Engineers & Surveyors.

**C. M. PROCTOR** [of '75] Civil Engineer of City and C. County of Elkhart. Office, 67 Main St., Elkhart, Indiana. Special attention given to Hydraulic Engineering.

**ARTHUR J. STACE** [of '64], County Surveyor for St. Joseph County. South Bend, Ind.

Weekly Newspapers.

**THE CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN**, published weekly at Columbus, O. Subscriptions from Notre Dame's students and friends solicited. Terms, \$2 per annum. D. A. CLARKE, of '70.

**THE AVE MARIA**, a Catholic journal devoted to the Blessed Virgin, published every Saturday at Notre Dame, Ind. Edited by a Priest of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Subscription price, \$2.50.

**THE YOUNG FOLKS' FRIEND**, published monthly at Logansport, Ind. 50 cts. per year. Subscriptions solicited from the friends and students of Notre Dame. ARTHUR C. O'BRIAN, of '76.

**THE SOUTH BEND HERALD**, published weekly by Chas. Murray & Co. (T. A. Dailey, of '74) \$1.50 per annum.

Hotels.

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Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—June 24, 1877.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	‡Night Express.
Lv. Chicago.....	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	3 45 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 00 p.m.
" Mich. City..	9 23 "	11 10 "	6 25 "	7 35 "	11 15 "
" Niles .....	10 46 "	12 15 "	8 20 "	9 00 "	12 35 a.m.
" Kalamazoo..	12 35 p.m.	1 38 p.m.	10 10 "	10 26 "	2 17 "
" Jackson.....	3 35 "	4 05 "		12 50 a.m.	4 55 "
Ar. Detroit.....	6 25 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 a.m.
Lv. Detroit.....	7 00 a.m.	9 35 a.m.	3 15 p.m.	9 50 p.m.	6 05 p.m.
" Jackson.....	10 20 "	12 15 p.m.	6 10 "	2 45 a.m.	9 30 "
" Kalamazoo..	1 15 p.m.	2 40 "	9 00 "	12 53 "	12 16 a.m.
" Niles .....	3 11 "	4 07 "	7 00 a.m.	4 24 "	2 35 "
" Mich. City..	4 40 "	5 20 "	8 10 "	5 47 "	4 05 "
Ar. Chicago.....	6 55 "	7 40 "	10 30 "	8 00 "	6 39 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 30 a.m. 6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a.m. 4 15 p.m.
" N. Dame—	8 57 " 6 35 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 10 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

\*Sunday excepted. †Daily. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted.  
HENRY C. WENTWORTH, H. B. LEDYARD,  
G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill. Gen'l Sup't, Chicago, Ill.  
G. L. ELLIOTT, Agent, South Bend, Ind.

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The Naturalists' Agency has been established at 1223 Belmont Avenue, Philadelphia, for the purpose of giving collectors of objects of Natural History an opportunity of buying, selling or exchanging their duplicates or collections.

Specimens sent to any part of the world by mail. An illustrated monthly bulletin of 8 pages sent free.

I received the highest award given to any one at the Centennial Exposition of 1876, and the only award and medal given to any American for "Collections of Minerals."

My Mineralogical Catalogue, of 50 pages, is distributed free to all customers, to others on receipt of 10 cents. It is profusely illustrated, and the printer and engraver charged me about \$900, before a copy was struck off. By means of the table of species and accompanying tables most species may be verified. The price list is an excellent check list containing the names of all the species and the more common varieties, arranged alphabetically and preceded by the species number. The species number indicates the place of any mineral in the table of species, after it will be found the species name, composition, streak of lustre, cleavage or fracture, hardness, specific gravity, fusibility and crystallization.

Owing to an increase in stock, it has become necessary to obtain a larger and more convenient location. This has been found at No. 1223 Belmont Avenue, about 2 squares from the Trans-Continental hotel.

Over 38 tons, and nearly \$35,000 worth of Minerals on hand. \$19,000 worth sold since the 17th day of January, when the first box was put into my establishment. November 13th, my cash sales were over \$1,500 and cash receipts over \$1,200.

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	in box	in box	in box			
Crystals and fragments.....	\$ 50	\$1	\$1 50	\$ 1	\$ 2	\$ 3
Students' size, larger.....	1 50	3	6	5	10	25
Amateur's size, 2½ in. x 1½.....				10	25	50
High School or Acad. size, 2½ x 3½ in. shelf specimens				25	50	100
College size, 3½ x 6 in., shelf specimens .....				500	100	3 0

Send for the bulletin stating where you saw this advertisement.

**A. E. FOOTE, M. D.,**

Prof. of Chemistry and Mineralogy,

Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science  
Life Member of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences  
and of the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York.

## L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, May. 13, 1877, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

### GOING EAST.

**2 25 a. m.**, Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 20 p m; Buffalo 8 05 p m.

**11 22 a m**, Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 50 p m; Cleveland 10 30 p m; Buffalo, 5 20 a m.

**7 16 p m**, Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 10 56 p m; Cleveland 1 44 a m; Buffalo 6 52 a m.

**9 12 p m**, Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 40 a m; Cleveland, 7 5 a m; Buffalo, 1 05 p m.

**4 38 and 4 p m**, Way Freight.

### GOING WEST.

**2 43 a m**, Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 a m, Chicago 6 a m.

**5 05 a m**, Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a m; Chicago 20 a m.

**4 38 p m**, Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 35; Chicago, 8 p m.

**8 02 a m**, Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 a m; Chicago, 11 30 a m.

**8 45 and 9 25 a m**, Way Freight.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

J. H. PARSONS, Supt West Div, Chicago.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

## Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago

AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

### CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

JUNE 24, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,

Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side).

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

### GOING WEST.

	No. 1, Fast Ex.	No. 7, Pac. Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex	No. 5, Mail.
Pittsburgh,.....Leave	11.45 P.M.	9.00 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester,.....	12.53 "	10.15 "	2.58 "	7.45 "
Alliance,.....	3.10 A.M.	12.50 P.M.	5.35 "	11.00 "
Orrville,.....	4.46 "	2.30 "	7.12 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield,.....	7.00 "	4.40 "	9.20 "	3.11 "
Crestline,.....Arrive	7.30 "	5.15 "	9.45 "	3.50 "
Crestline,.....Leave	7.50 A.M.	5.40 P.M.	9.55 P.M.	.....
Forest,.....	9.25 "	7.35 "	11.15 "	.....
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9.00 "	12.25 A.M.	.....
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.20 P.M.	11.55 "	2.40 "	.....
Plymouth,.....	3.45 "	2.46 A.M.	4.55 "	.....
Chicago,.....Arrive	7.00 "	6.30 "	7.58 "	.....

### GOING EAST.

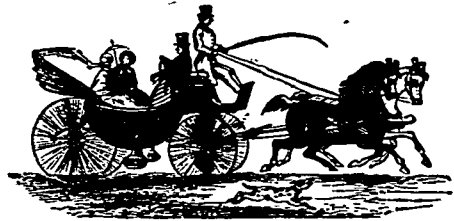
	No. 4, Night Ex.	No. 2, Fast Ex.	No. 6, Pac. Ex.	No. 8, Mail.
Chicago,.....Leave	9.10 P.M.	8.00 A.M.	5.15 P.M.	.....
Plymouth,.....	2.46 A.M.	11.25 "	9.00 "	.....
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.10 P.M.	11.35 "	.....
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.05 "	1.30 A.M.	.....
Forest,.....	10.10 "	5.20 "	2.48 "	.....
Crestline,.....Arrive	11.45 "	6.55 "	4.25 "	.....
Crestline,.....Leave	12.05 P.M.	7.15 P.M.	1.40 A.M.	6.05 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	7.44 "	2.05 "	6.55 "
Orrville,.....	2.30 "	9.38 "	3.40 "	9.15 "
Alliance,.....	4.05 "	11.15 "	5.03 "	11.20 "
Rochester,.....	6.22 "	1.21 A.M.	6.00 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh,.....Arrive	7.30 "	2.30 "	7.00 P.M.	3.30 "

Trains Nos. 3 and 6 run Daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.

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PROPRIETOR OF THE

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P. SHICKEY.

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For further particulars concerning this Institution, the public are referred to the Twenty-Second Annual Catalogue of St. Mary's Academy for the year 1877-8, or address

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	Leave	Arrive.
Omaha, Leavenworth and Atchison Express.....	10 00 a.m.	3 45 p.m.
Peru accommodation.....	5 00 p.m.	9 35 a.m.
Night Express.....	10 00 p.m.	6 50 a.m.

A. M. SMITH,  
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	Arrive.	Leave.
Kansas City and Denver Express via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.....	3 40 pm	12 30 pm
Springfield and St. Louis Ex. via Main Line.....	8 00 pm	9 00 am
Springfield, St. Louis and Texas Fast Ex. via Main Line.....	7 30 am	9 00 pm
Peoria Day Express.....	3 40 pm	9 00 am
Peoria, Keokuk and Burlington Ex.....	7 30 am	9 00 pm
Chicago and Paducah Railroad Express.....	8 00 pm	9 00 am
Streator, Wenona, Lacon and Washington Ex.....	3 40 pm	12 30 pm
Joliet Accommodation.....	9 20 am	5 00 pm

J. C. McMULLIN, Gen. Supt.

J. CHARLTON, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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### CHICAGO, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS LINE

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### CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE LINE

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Gen. Pass. Ag't, Chicago.

MARVIN HUGHITT,  
Gen. Manager, Chicago.

## UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME. INDIANA.

Founded 1842.

Chartered 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students. It is situated near the City of South Bend, Indiana, on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. The Michigan Central and the Chicago and Lake Huron Railroads also pass near the College grounds. In the organization of the house everything is provided to secure the health and promote the intellectual and moral advancement of the students. Three distinct courses of study are established: the Classical, the Scientific, and the Commercial. Optional courses may also be taken by those students whose time is limited.

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Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., Pres't.,

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